

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

THE JOLLY DAYS OF LONG AGO—INDIVIDUALITY OF AMERICAN ART.

A NEW-YORK GIRL TELLS HER EXPERIENCES WHILE ATTENDING THE "QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM"—PREPARATIONS FOR THE PRESENTATION.

"Do you remember," said a middle-aged fashionable woman retrospectively, "those lovely days after the war when every one seemed to have so much money?—when Wall Street men had apparently the purses of Fortunatus, and we all got our gowns from Paris as a matter of course? Financial magnates in those good old times were genial men of the world, good fellows, always ready to do a friendly turn to any of their lady friends. Many a time Mr. A. has said to me, 'Well, Mrs. N., do you feel inclined for a little gamble in Wall Street next week?' Give me \$5 of your pocket money and I will bring you back enough to buy a new gown, and a few days afterward I would receive a check from his broker for a hundred or more."

"Now business is business, and the men would never dream of taking the trouble to 'turn over' our small savings."

"How gay it used to be, too! All fizz and sparkle, like champagne. And what stupid times the young people seem to have now compared with ours! 'Twas different were those gay spring days twenty-five years ago. The frequent dinners out to the four-in-hand club, when we wore our prettiest frocks and drove out on coaches or breaks in the late afternoon, up the avenue and through the Park, and came back in the moonlight. And as for theatre parties and suppers and parties and other informal affairs there was no end to them!"

"Men are undoubtedly either poorer or vastly more prudent now than then. Certainly they are not nearly so lavish. New-York is a dull place in the spring contrasted with the jolly days of my youth!"

AMERICAN ART.
It is apparent that the typical American, with all his individuality, his grandiose fashion of demonstrating facts, and his practical, hard, every-day, business-like view of life, has a soft spot for art. There has been a slow but sure growth in this direction for the last fifteen or twenty years.

The real growth has come from the people. The students in our art schools come from all over the rural parts of the United States—the children of farmers who make sacrifices to send them to the cities, where they may receive instruction. American art is the struggling exponent of a dawning sense of the beautiful and true, which is gradually resulting in a National school—individual, forceful, realistic—showing the impression of the French school with which it is particularly in sympathy, but as distinctly indigenous as the literature of our day, which no one can deny has its own peculiar individuality.

It is only for the last twenty-five years that there has been any instruction in this country that could rank with that of Europe.

Twenty years ago even a young artist would begin composition before he had mastered the rudiments. That he should now voluntarily devote himself to long years of study before venturing to paint shows what an advance has been made in true artistic feeling.

In his pupils he is first thorough "craftsman," and then "creative artist." Another colored artist has put it, "the painter must create, he thinks of his work in other words, the technical part must be mastered before the picturesque is attempted. It seems a truism to say that it is the most difficult thing to realize. People give their children opportunities to study painting, and they are able to paint pictures, but they do not know what it takes years of study to produce any real masterpiece."

But while it is delightful to see this newly awakened enthusiasm for art, and to prophesy great results for the future of these young people who are devoting their lives to its study, the problem cannot help but suggest itself. It is hardly probable that in a hundred years these young people will develop genius. What is then to become of the ninety and nine? Would it not have been better if some of these young people had been better educated in the arts and sciences and in the history of the world, and then to the study of painting?

PREPARING FOR PRESENTATION.
To attend the "Queen's drawing-room," which to an English maiden seems only second in importance to her marriage, is simply an episode of travel to most American girls, many of whom do not even use the privilege as an open season to the English society, merely taking it as a route to an experience which is desirable to have. Even to experience a great deal of time and attention, for the occasion is of sufficient importance to wish to appear at one's best and do credit to one's country.

"As soon as the date of my presentation was arranged for," said a New-York young woman, relating her experience, "mother and I went over to Paris to get our court dresses. Mother chose Worth as being most 'grande dame,' but I elected to have mine from Douce, who made me the most elegant dream of loveliness it is possible to imagine. 'I simply fell in love with it, and when we went back to our rooms in London I could hardly bear to have it hung up out of my sight, in its paper muslin bag. Then came the rehearsals! A grand personage was recommended to mamma who had coached no end of Lady Marys and Lady Emmes and the Honorable Miss Thats and That, according to her account, and for a week preceding our presentation we had a lesson every morning. I would be the Queen for mamma and mamma would be the Queen for me, while Elise, our maid, would manage our trains, which were made of calico, for the practice."

"Finally the day arrived. It was one of those soft spring days that seem lovelier somehow in glimy old London than anywhere else—when the flower girls are calling 'sweet violets' in the streets and the air comes in through the half-opened windows deliciously fragrant."

"We were not to be received until 3 o'clock, but the only hour we could secure the services of the fashionable hairdresser was at 8 a. m., the consequence being the longest and most tiresome morning I have ever spent. My spirits revived, however, when I put on my court garments and found them perfect, and with our trains over our arms we walked through the corridors of our hotel between a line of admiring chambermaids and waiters and entered our carriage, which for a hired affair was exceedingly smart. Two men were in company with us on the box, each with a large nosegay in his buttonhole. I felt grand at first, but soon realized my indifference as we joined the splendid procession going through the park. Never have I seen anything half so grand as the cortege of coachmen and equally tipped footmen, with powdered heads, wonderfully dexterous calves and huge bouquets fastened to the lapels of their gorgeous coats."

"The duchesses and countesses and other fine dames of quality could not hold candle to them, although the finest jewels in England flashed in the bright sunshine, for shades were left up and windows were open so that the admiring mob might gaze their fill, the block being so great that the carriages moved like snails."

"Before entering the palace gates we had at least an hour's wait in the park, where we felt rather out of it as the fine ladies in their carriages held regular receptions. Gayly attired officers, diplomats in their splendid court dresses, and the numerous officials attached to the household of the Queen were in the Queen's drawing-room, visited from carriage at carriage, while we, of course, being strangers, had no one to speak to us. All the same, it was amusing and interesting, and I did not feel the wait tedious. At last the line of carriages began slowly to move, speeding under the great porticoes, their freight of grand ladies, and finally our horses, too, pranced under the stone arch, and then for the first time I was seized with stage fright, and the lady lady I was to marry, who I had heretofore regarded with scant respect, became suddenly interesting to my mind with a vengeance."

WOMAN'S PAGE APPRECIATED.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I have been a reader of The Tribune from "my youth up." For many years I have been a subscriber. In the line of its clean and helpful news-gathering, I am especially pleased with the Woman's Page. In my opinion, for I have been a reader for twenty-five years, recently spoke in praise of your Sunshine Society, and marked it as a sign of brighter things in our bettering age. Yours most cordially to scatter sunshine as far and as wide as the need is great.

JOEL S. IVES.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I cannot tell you how valuable the Woman's Page is to me, and how we appreciate it. Yours truly,
Mrs. J. EDWARDS.
No. 10 Clarendon Place, Orange, N. J.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I prefer The Tribune above all daily papers, and consider the Woman's Page a gem. Truly yours,
Miss E. E. CHASE.
No. 61 West One-hundred-and-fourth-st.

HUMAN HAIR GOODS.
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MAKING TAPE WITH HAND LOOM.
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Promptly at noon on Wednesday the business of marrying began in the Church of the Incarnation, when Miss Julia Floyd Clarkson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clarkson and Eugene Dexter Hawkins were united. The wedding was a pretty one, and the church was filled with the friends of the young couple. Less than half the number were invited to the reception which followed at the home of the bride's parents in West Thirty-seventh-st. The bride was stately and handsome, and was attended by a maid of honor and four bridesmaids. The maid of honor was in a gown of blue mousseline de soie over blue silk trimmed with yellow lace and a small white clip had adorned with white flowers and pink roses. The four bridesmaids were dressed alike in gowns of white tulle, and a large hat of yellow straw with white veils. The bride was stately and handsome, and was attended by a maid of honor and four bridesmaids. The maid of honor was in a gown of blue mousseline de soie over blue silk trimmed with yellow lace and a small white clip had adorned with white flowers and pink roses. The four bridesmaids were dressed alike in gowns of white tulle, and a large hat of yellow straw with white veils.

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The spinner seated herself at the machine, and soiled the "muck" of the wheel, and the last figure of the colonial housewife brought the fibre into long, even thread, ready for the small loom and shuttle, to be woven into linen.

The shopper of to-day little realizes the long and tedious process practised by the woman of colonial times, before she could wind her linen tape into a neat roll for her workbasket's use.

MAKING TAPE WITH HAND LOOM.
was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walker in West Seventy-seventh-st.

Promptly at noon on Wednesday the business of marrying began in the Church of the Incarnation, when Miss Julia Floyd Clarkson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clarkson and Eugene Dexter Hawkins were united. The wedding was a pretty one, and the church was filled with the friends of the young couple. Less than half the number were invited to the reception which followed at the home of the bride's parents in West Thirty-seventh-st. The bride was stately and handsome, and was attended by a maid of honor and four bridesmaids. The maid of honor was in a gown of blue mousseline de soie over blue silk trimmed with yellow lace and a small white clip had adorned with white flowers and pink roses. The four bridesmaids were dressed alike in gowns of white tulle, and a large hat of yellow straw with white veils. The bride was stately and handsome, and was attended by a maid of honor and four bridesmaids. The maid of honor was in a gown of blue mousseline de soie over blue silk trimmed with yellow lace and a small white clip had adorned with white flowers and pink roses. The four bridesmaids were dressed alike in gowns of white tulle, and a large hat of yellow straw with white veils.

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